

# The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

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[Whole Numb 500.

## THE PRINCE OF BRITTANY.

[Continued from our last.]

THE King of England continued to lavish upon the Prince a thousand marks of unbounded friendship. One day he surprized him musing in a melancholy attitude over a letter he had just received. Henry, with the affectionate earnestness of a friend, insisted upon knowing the cause of a grief which was so visible in his countenance. The Prince, who could not resist the generous instances of his august friend, related the whole history of his passion for the beautiful Alicia, and the various obstacles to his happiness. The letter which he had just received, informed him that Arthur and his partisans, were exerting all their influence to hasten the solemnization of that marriage, which by an engagement, was not to take place till his return. It was added, that the Duke was on the point of yielding to their pressing solicitations, notwithstanding the Count of Richmond, who defended his absent nephew, and urged the inviolable sanctity of a promise. Henry, who immediately entered into the resentment of his friend, united perhaps some political views to those of personal esteem, in the offer which he made of supporting his pretensions by force of arms. "I am sensible," said the noble youth, "of the generous warmth with which you condescend to enter into my concerns. Yes! I adore Alicia; and she shall be mine, or my rival and all his partisans, I myself shall expire under a thousand wounds. But, my lord, can I forget the glorious commission with which I am honored? Can I, the minister of peace, whom the count of Richmond thought great enough to soar above humanity, can I carry war into my country? Shall a brother see me again, at the head of hostile foreigners, devoting our fairest provinces to all the miseries of slaughter and desolation. Alicia—I should forfeit all her tenderness she would overwhelm me with her hatred—with contempt. And what must I appear in my own eyes? A monster of horror! You love me, Sir: propose nothing to me that can tarnish my glory. I would sooner die."—"At least," interrupted Henry, "receive a slender proof of my esteem. I will give you the sword of Constable of England."

I can only answer, Sir, by a new refusal. This high dignity would oblige me to draw the sword against the king of France, my uncle; and never, never shall he have to reproach me with such a violation of duty."

The intelligence which the Prince received from Brittany accelerated his return. He had scarcely left the English court when he learned that the Marshal De Dinan had departed this life. His fortune seems now to assume a different aspect: he indulges a thousand pleasing reveries: he anticipates a thousand scenes of exquisite delight and uninterrupted joy.

Proceeding towards Nantes, accompanied by his gentleman, he perceived a crowd of spectators, near a castle, a few leagues from that city. He discovers a splendid procession: he sees a young lady weeping, and encircled by many female attendants, who were supporting her in

their arms: he approaches, he recollects—it is the adorable Alicia, whom Montauban was conducting to the altar, with the consent of her family and of Francis, who had suffered himself to be overcome by the persecutions of his favorites. It is hardly possible to describe this scene: the Prince, followed by his attendants, hastens to Mademoiselle de Dinan, beholds her fainting, and forcing her from the arms of her women, places her, with the same precipitation, in those of two chevaliers that were devoted to him, and whom he ordered to commit her to the care of one of his female relations, whose residence was near the spot. And now the arms were glittering: Arthur, enraged to see his prey thus forced from him, endeavored to repossess himself of it, and, at the head of his party, to wreak his vengeance on the little troop that attended his rival. The latter exclaims, "Hold; suspend your rage: 'tis mine to combat for Alicia: Montauban is my only object. Approach, rash youth: I will derive no advantage from the respect which thou owest to the blood of thy sovereign. I love I adore Alicia, and thou dar'st to dispute her with me! Be my equal now, that thou may'st measure swords with the man who most detests thee. Let one of us tinge this ground with his blood, and Alicia shall be the conqueror's."

He instantly draws his sword, and, bidding Montauban to do the same, he commands his attendants to remain impartial spectators of the combat. It begins with mutual fury. The Prince receives a wound: the blood flows; and the attendants were going to interfere. "Forbear," said he, "I have still strength enough to pierce the bosom of my enemy."—Their rage rekindles: Montauban is overthrown; "I die," said he, with a faltering voice: his friends raise him from the ground, and carry off their vanquished lord; while the conqueror and his escort hasten to the castle to which Alicia had been conveyed.

Who can imagine the consternation of the beautiful Alicia, when she beheld her lover, now sinking under a wound, which, in his impatience to fly to her, he had utterly disregarded. In the severe illness that followed, he experienced all the affecting assiduity, that unbounded tenderness could inspire. To this the noble youth, perhaps, was indebted for his recovery: and, in proportion as the apprehensions of Alicia, when her lover was at the worst, had bordered upon despair, were her endearing ecstasies of expression when he was pronounced to be out of danger. "Divine Alicia," said the Prince, in one of these delicious moments, "I cannot yet be restored to life, till I am permitted to call you my wife. Let us prevent the return of a kind of incessant fatality that pursues me. If I have only a few days to live, let me at least die on the bosom of all I love. Let it be read on my tomb, *The husband of Alicia reposes here.*

How weak must be the suggestions of prudence to the ardent solicitations of such a lover! In vain did Mademoiselle de Dinan represent to him the fatal consequences of an union, to which the duke, his brother, had not yet consented. The Prince would listen only to the violence of his

love. He assembles some of his gentlemen to be witnesses of the ceremony, which was performed by his chaplain. The Prince of Brittany is at last the happiest of men. He has wedded—he possesses the dearest, the most adorable of women; and Alicia, on her part, rejoices in a husband, or rather in a lover worthy of all her love.

Montauban had experienced a kind of resurrection. The thirst of vengeance had restored him to life. He was distracted by all the emotions of rage, when he learned that his happy rival was united to Alicia by ties which death alone could dissolve. Every thought, every effort of his soul was now devoted to the destruction of the Prince.

The great object with Arthur and his partisans was to poison the weak mind of Francis with suspicions of which it was too easily susceptible; and, so well did their artful insinuations succeed, that the duke no longer regarded his brother, but as a guilty subject, whose punishment it was necessary to hasten.

It must be confessed that appearances were not very favorable to the prince. His marriage, accomplished in some measure by violence, was represented as an outrageous defiance of the sovereign authority of his brother. His absence from the court seemed also a tacit declaration, that he intended no more to appear there. The principal head of accusation, that was urged against him in all its forms, turned upon his unbounded partiality for the English. He had been so imprudent as to send one of his gentlemen, Thomas de Lesquen, to London, to solicit the payment of his pension, which had been for some time in arrears. He even complained in his dispatches of the severity of his brother to him; and he more than once touched upon the scanty establishment of his household. These letters, being intercepted, were so many demonstrative proofs to Francis, that his brother was counting the protection of the King of England. This apprehension gave reality to all the phantoms which it pleased the artful Montauban to present to his sovereign. He continually imagined that he saw the English invading Brittany, and tearing the ducal coronet from him, to place it on the head of his brother.

The prince, however, so far from being occupied by a single object of ambition, was sensible to no other happiness than that of possessing Alicia. "No," would he often say to his charming wife, "there is no happiness equal to that of loving and being beloved! One look from thee, my dear Alicia conveys ecstasy to the inmost recesses of my heart. My soul, my whole soul is thine."—"Ah! my lord," answered Alicia, "you know that it was not the prince of Brittany that could captivate me, but the most susceptible, the most amiable of men. Can you think it possible, however, that my happiness is diminished by continual apprehensions? Your enemies are not disarmed. The vengeance of Arthur can never be appeased. I dread every thing."—"Dear mistress of my soul, my love is more fervent than thine. I behold nothing that encircles me. Alicia, Alicia alone engages every thought. They have



reason to envy me. 'Tis supreme felicity I enjoy. Banish then these anxious apprehensions. 'Tis bliss—'tis heaven to be with thee."

Thus did these happy lovers cherish the sweet intoxication and illusive security of the present hour. The Prince spent with Tanguy those moments which he could not devote to his dear Alicia. This faithful friend was come to visit him in his retirement at Guildo, which was one of the estates that formed the dowry of Mademoiselle de Dinan. He endeavored in vain to inspire him with that discreet and necessary caution, which we are by no means to confound with dissimulation. The Prince openly expressed his discontent, and in his invectives against the favourites, he did not spare his brother. He had sent for some skilful English archers from Normandy, with whom he exercised the bow and arrow; a diversion of which he was very fond, and which was one of the causes of his ruin. His enemies represented these foreign archers to the Duke as so many secret emissaries, who kept up the spirit of dissention and revolt that actuated his brother. Stronger circumstances of irritation were added, upon no better foundation.

[To be continued.]



#### AN UNFORTUNATE GALLANT.

A Young gentleman, whose father died lately, and left him a considerable sum of money, took it into his head that it was necessary, in order to cut a figure upon the town as a man of pleasure, that he should have an affair of gallantry. He accordingly determined to write an amorous epistle, in the best style, to the wife of a reputable tradesman, at whose house he had been some time a visitor, and where he had been treated with the greatest politeness and friendship. A messenger was dispatched with his letter, which concluded with a faithful promise to wait upon the lady at seven o'clock the next evening, an hour at which he knew her husband would be absent.

The lady, whose person and mind were equally amiable, upon receiving this letter, immediately gave it to her husband; when, after enjoying a hearty laugh at the contents, it was agreed between them that the amorous gentleman should be rewarded according to his merits. At the appointed hour he came, and commenced his amorous suit in a theatrical manner, with much grace and spirit. He was, however, soon interrupted by hearing of the husband's unexpected arrival. The lady, in an affected fright, enquired him, if he felt for the reputation of a woman who loved him, instantly to jump out of the window. He immediately took a leap, and fell into a large cistern of water that was prepared for his reception. His passion being sufficiently cooled, he was permitted to depart, but not without a very severe horse-whipping by one of the tradesman's porters, and a promise of receiving the same discipline whenever he came there again.



#### FRIENDSHIP.

STRICT Friendship is to have the same desires and aversions. Whoever is to choose a friend is to consider first the resemblance, or the dissimilitude of tempers. How necessary this caution is to be urged as preparatory to marriage, the misery of those who neglect it sufficiently evinces. To enumerate all the varieties of disposition, would be a tedious task; but it is at least necessary to enforce one precept, which was never yet broken without fatal consequences: "Let the Religion of the Man and the Woman be the same." How can he be happy, who sees the person most dear to him in a state of dangerous error, and ignorant of those sacred truths, which are necessary to the approbation of God, and to future felicity?

The vow of marriage may be considered as a vow of perpetual and indissoluble Friendship; Friendship which no change of fortune, nor any alteration of external circumstances, can be allowed to interrupt or weaken. After the commencement of this state there remain no longer any separate interests; the two individuals become united, and are therefore to enjoy the same felicity, and suffer the same misfortunes; to have the same friends and the same enemies, the same success and the same disappointments.

#### EPISTLE FROM THE ABBE DE RANCE TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN AT THE ABBY OF LA TRAPPE.

Translated by Mr HAY.

#### ARGUMENT.

The conversion of the celebrated Abbe de Rance is attributed to the death of the Dutches of M. whom he tenderly loved. He had been absent from her some time, and was ignorant of her death; when having got into the house, under cover of the night, he went into her apartment by a back stair-case; the first object that appeared to his view was a coffin, which contained the body of his mistress; she had died after three days violent illness: as she was to be interred in the family vault, a leaden coffin was prepared; but being too short, with unheard of brutality, they severed the head from the body. Struck with so shocking an event, the Abbe de Rance instantly renounced all commerce with the world; he retired to the Monastery of La Trappe, where he became a most rigid penitent: it is from thence he writes to a Friend, who had long been upon his travels, and is ignorant of this tragical adventure.

"Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires."

I Know too well thy heart will overflow,  
To think thy friend is doom'd to ling'ring woe;  
To think the vigor of his age is lost,  
And all the hopes his early days could boast.  
Yet cease to grieve;—what'er seems good or great  
In courts, I find in this sequester'd seat.  
Beneath a moss-grown oak I sit resign'd;  
I bless the rains, and welcome in the wind:  
With my lone state these comforts best agree;  
And Nature's rudest form most pleases me.  
Here, frequent pray'rs my doubts and fears dispel;  
I spurn the earth, and triumph over hell:  
And here, at dawn, my cisions begin  
For Laura—if so pure a form could sin.  
"O name, forever lov'd!" forever blest!  
Forever treasure'd in this faithful breast!  
Tho' long, long since, the flame of youth is fled,  
And heav'n now wails me to my neighbor's dead,  
Thy dear remembrance rouses mad desire,  
And, for a moment, all my soul's on fire.  
My dearest friend, to thee her charms were known  
Ere yet she knew to call those charms her own;  
The polish'd form, the dignity of mien,  
So oft affected, yet so rarely seen;  
The easy wit the animating grace,  
And guileless smile that revel'd on her face;  
Yet, at those years when pleasure gives the reign,  
When love and riot dance in ev'ry vein,  
Her speaking eye each rude attempt suppress,  
Nor heav'n itself was chaster than her breast.  
I saw—I lov'd—and oft in sighs convey'd  
My fears and wishes to the blushing maid;  
Each dawning blush my raging passion fed,  
And more and more to sweet destruction led:  
Till bolder grown, the happiest hour I stole,  
And spoke the secret of my panting soul;  
Tho' low my fate, no stern disdain repress'd  
My suit—the saw my heart, and judg'd the rest;  
But glances, such as pitying angels give  
To dying sinners, bade me hope and live.  
Her parents saw, and rigidly severe,  
Convey'd from Paris all my soul held dear.  
Rack'd for a moon, I liv'd a plague to earth,  
And curs'd th' ill boding star that ruin'd my birth;  
When lost in grief no language could express,  
A tender line disclos'd her lone recess:—  
I look'd, and read—again I look'd and read—  
And, swift as light'ning, to th' appointment sped.  
'Twas night, dead night; I scal'd the silent wall;  
I gain'd her chamber; love conducted all:—  
I thought to press my lovely Laura's charms,  
And melt transported in her glowing arms,—  
When—hold my heart!—a lonely coffin stood!  
The floor, the marble, stain'd with recent blood!  
A feeble taper stream'd a twinkling light,  
And barely serv'd to prove the hideous sight;  
I rais'd a veil—the taper just betray'd  
A headless corpse!—yet still I knew the maid;  
A polish'd form th' unrival'd fair express'd;  
And well—too well I knew her snowy breast!  
A marble vase stood near; I turn'd around;  
I rais'd another veil—her head I found!—

O killing sight! those once commanding eyes,  
Those lips, once ting'd with Nature's richest dyes;  
That cheek, that bosom'd Spring's delightful bloom;  
That breath, more sweet than Summer's rich perfume;  
That gen'ral grace that struck the wond'ring sight;  
All, all oppress'd by long and joyless night!  
I scarce believ'd my sense—I gaz'd around—  
While horror fix'd me to the ground:  
I grasp'd my sword, resolv'd to end my woe;  
But gracious Heav'n restrain'd the impious blow.  
Then, from the scene with tott'ring steps I fled,  
And gain'd my dwelling lets alive than dead.  
If there exists some far sequester'd sphere,  
(I madly spoke) some demon whil me there!  
Where ne'er the bell of pale religion rung,  
No gift was offer'd, and no anthem sung:  
No friendly talk to cheer the heavy hours;  
Nor hope to spread her gay delusive pow'rs,  
O, bear me quickly to some welcome den,  
Alike forlorn to Providence and men!

[To be continued.]



From the Time Piece.

#### A NEW INVENTION.

##### CATHARINE-SLIP.

GREAT praise is due to all inventors, more particularly to this one; as he at once initiates you into the art of live-pig catching.

This day I was an eye witness to his singular dexterity. A pig hook (vulgarly called a fish hook) well baited, with a convenient length of line, was thrown out of a cellar window, near a fine fat little whore; who, like Eve, was more willing to satisfy the appetite than to indulge fancy—"She took; she eat!" But ah! within the fair, the pleasing outside, lay conceal'd the fatal barbed curve.

But let us return to the hero of the tragic-comic scene. With anxious expectation he lay conceal'd: at length he felt a bite, which he improved, and instantaneously (as if by the power of Merlin) the pig ran to the window.

Now for a moment indulge fancy, to characterize our hero's anticipations. See the knife already stained with the blood of his prey! Behold it hanging before the fire, ridden of all superfluous excrescences, and fast preparing for his SABBATH'S FEAST; again, behold the victim (placed carefully on the spread table) ready for dissection: But alas! how uncertain are all human expectations. "Now reader," as Sterne says, "pause and ponder, and ponder and pause;" for just as the man was going to lay his hand on the pig, the owner came by and claimed his property. Not more startled was our famous Doctor, when wak'd from his GOLDEN DREAMS, to be carried to Philadelphia, than was this same pig-stealer.

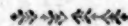
13th Jan. '98.

A FRIEND OF INVENTION.



#### AUTHORS.

THE ingenious abbe de Provost fell by a fate as extraordinary as that of any of the most unfortunate heroes of his own romances. He was attacked, while wandering alone in the forest of Chantilly, by a fit of the apopleptic kind, which rendered his body, to appearance, dead. Some peasants carried him to the next village, where a rural court of justice, summoned in haste, decreed, that he ought to be instantly opened, that it might be known, whether or no, he died fairly. The surgeon of the hamlet, in a moment, began the operation. In vain did the reviving abbe shrink aloud. It was too late. He only opened his eyes to see the horrid apparatus around him, and then closed them to endless night. Those who have wept over the fate of Cleveland and Des Guex, who have been entertained by the Fair Greek, or been improved by the Life of Seneca, will feel a painful sensation at hearing that their amusing friend ended his life in a manner so tragically.



For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

LOST last evening between the Old Slip, and the Oswego Mark, a FALSE TEETH, and a MARTIN TAIL MUFF. A reward of twenty five dollars will be given for the Teeth, and ninety six for the Muff, by  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Jan. 25.



THE ROSARY.

THO oft we meet severe distress,  
In vent'ring out to sea,  
The perils of the storm seem less,  
While we to heaven our vows address,  
And sing the cheering Rosary.  
While, &c.

Our kids that range the mountains wide,  
And bound with harmless glee,  
We seek each day at even' tide,  
And as their course we homeward guide,  
We sing the cheering Rosary.

And in the deeper shades of night,  
As thro the woods we flee,  
Where gloom and silence yields alight,  
To make our beating hearts fit light,  
We'll sing the cheering Rosary.

SATURDAY, January 27, 1798.

Letters were received on Saturday, from Mr. Gerry, at Paris, dated five days after his arrival in that city, by which we are informed that our Commissioners were very politely received by the minister of foreign affairs, and letters of hospitality immediately sent to them. The minister told our Commissioners, that he hoped to be able in a few days to inform them when it would be convenient to have them presented to the Directory. The Commissioners had begun to arrange their household, &c. and from no account does it appear that they have experienced any thing like coldness delay or inattention; nor is there any foundation for the report that Fauchet and Adet were appointed to confer with them. The above intelligence may be relied on.

The current report of the day is, that citizen Bournaville, who has acted as Secretary of legation from the French Republic to the United States, has wrote to a French gentleman at Philadelphia, informing him under the date of Paris, Nov. 3, that the American Envoys had three audiences of the Directory; that every thing indicated an amicable accommodation; and that this extra secretary expected to come out to the United States in his old capacity; as if the differences were adjusted, a new minister would be sent to America.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

On Thursday the 4th inst. the dwelling house of Mr. William S. Sears, in Mamakating, took fire by accident in the evening: Mr. Sears being absent and no other person in the house but Mrs. Sears, who has been in a helpless condition a year with a dead palsy and her child a year old: Mrs. Sears was in a dose when the fire broke out, she awoke and by using all her exertions worked herself out of the door, being unable to get any farther; she called to her child, it attempted to follow her, but was unfortunately prevented by a burning board which fell between it and the door, the child making distressing cries to its mother expired in the flames. Mrs. Sears lay so close to the fire that she was much burnt, and must have experienced the fate of her child had it not been that her husband and a neighbor happened to come to her assistance.

A gentleman who left Lisbon the 2d of November, and arrived a few days ago at Norfolk, contradicts the late rumours from that quarter, and positively asserts, that the ratification of the treaty of peace betwixt France and Portugal had been sent on to Paris some days previous to his departure; that Admiral Lord St. Vincent, who was with part of his fleet in that harbour, only waited the arrival of the French Directory to depart, agreeable to the tenor of the treaty--That the Kingdom of Spain enjoyed the most profound tranquillity--That there had been no change in the ministry, but that the Prince of Peace was still in the confidence of his king and country--and that Citizen Perignon and his nation were as much in favor as ever.

NASSAU, (N. P.) Dec. 1.

On the 22d of last month two seamen who formerly belonged to the ship Thomas, Macquie, a Liverpool guineaman, arrived here from Long-Island; and a few days afterwards four more of the same crew arrived from Watling's Island.

Daniel Maney and Henry Millar, who came from Watling's Island, say, the Thomas sailed from Africa August 5th, with a cargo of 365 slaves, and that on the 2d of September the slaves rose and murdered all the ship's company, excepting seven or eight who got into the jolly boat, and ten whom they spared to work the ship. The negroes ordered the sailors to keep the ship's head always to the sun, and threatened them with immediate death, should they differ from that course. In this position the ship was kept for about 40 days during which time the negroes drank all the liquor except the wine, which they said was some of their blood; of course it fell to the sailors. They also threw overboard every barrel of beef, under the idea of its being negro flesh. The situation of the unfortunate survivors of the crew was the most dreadful that can be imagined. At last, when all the provisions and water were expended, the negroes permitted the long boat to be hoisted out, as they were told by the seamen that water could be obtained and brought to them in a day and night. The object of the sailors was to get away from them; but the negroes would suffer only two white men to go on board with ten blacks, who were furnished with casks to hold water. A breeze springing up, the ship heave to, and took the people out of the boat. It was now agreed on by the negroes, to put every white, except a boy, to death the next morning, and the knowledge of this their intention determined the sailors to make their escape if possible that night. Four men accordingly got into the boat, under pretence of making her fast again, and gave the rest a call, but they were too feeble, having been three days without victuals or drink, that they could not follow. Finding there was no time to lose, Daniel Maney let go the rope that held the boat, which dropt astern. Next morning the ship was not to be seen. In the boat were an old top-gallant-sail, one oar and a mast. Hoisted sail, and stood as near as could be guessed being without a compass, W. N. W. course. On the 7th day after leaving the ship made land, run the boat on shore, and got into the woods in quest of water, having been without any so long as three days before they left the ship. They fortunately found some, and when a little refreshed they made for a house they had seen from an eminence on reaching it they found they were on Watling's Island; and with gratitude they acknowledge that they experienced every benevolent humane attention and kindness from the inhabitants.

LONDON, Nov. 20.

Yesterday the Hamburg mail, due on Wednesday last, arrived at the General Post-Office. Now that the Emperor and the Directory have come to a good understanding, it appears that the latter had given up their design of republicanizing the left bank of the Rhine. The Emperor is reducing his Hungarian levies. The French are beginning to march their army of Germany to Dunkirk and Calais, and are likewise cutting down ship timber in the woods in the neighborhood of the Rhine and Moselle to send to Holland. This shews that their plan of attack against this country is already acted upon in its details, and that their preparations are systematic. With a vigilant administration we might confidently expect that the design would be frustrated before an attempt could be made to carry it into execution.

The Surveillant says, "An army of 50,000 men, under the command of Gen. Massena, is immediately to repair to Portugal. His presence will probably put an end to the indecision of that court."

MORTALITY.

"GREAT God, how frail is mortal man!  
Efform'd of earth, and born to die;  
His days are shorter than a span,  
And swift his fleeting moments fly"

TOWNSEND.

DIED.

On Sunday evening the 14th inst. at Albany, HAN-JOOST, an Onaida warrior. This Chief distinguished himself as a volunteer, under Gen. Gansevoort, during the siege of Fort Stanwix, in the struggle for American Liberty.  
On Monday the 15th inst. at Newark, Mrs. LUCETTA GRAHAM, wife of Dr. C. Graham, of this city.

On Monday last, at his seat at Morrisania, in his 73d year, the Hon. LEWIS MORRIS, Esq; Major General of the Southern Division of this State. His remains were interred on Wednesday in the family vault at Morrisania, with military honors.

COURT of HYMEN.

"NEITHER let outside form'd so fair, &c.  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
From all her words and actions mixed with love,  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,  
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear."

MARRIED

On Sunday the 14th inst. at the Oyster Ponds, (Long Island) by the Rev. Mr. Overton, Capt. HENRY KING, to Miss POLLY JERRY, both of that place.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. DAVID L. HAIGHT, to Miss ANN KIP, both of this city.

Some evening, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. URIAH SWAIN, of Nantucket, to Miss MARY HASWELL, of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Capt. OLIVER SMITH, of the schooner Eglantine, to Miss PATTY HANMER, of Wethersfield, Connecticut.

On Thursday, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Esq. of Canada, to Miss BROOKES, daughter of the late Capt. Brookes, in the British service.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Low, at Brooklyn, Mr. SMITH VAN DE WATER, to Miss NANCY SHARP, daughter of Jacob Sharp, Esq. both of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Low, at Bushwick, Mr. JACOB DUYKE, to Miss FANNY SUTPHEN, both of that place.

\*. Subscriptions for the Works of Mrs. MARGARETTA V. FAUGERES, taken in at this Office.

THE NEW THEATRE

Will open on MONDAY EVENING next,

With an Occasional ADDRESS,

To be delivered by Mr. HODGKINSON.

And a PRELUDE, written by Mr. Milns called,

ALL IN A BUSTLE,  
Or, The NEW HOUSE.

The Characters by the Company.

After which, will be presented, Shakespeare's Comedy of  
AS YOU LIKE IT.

To which will be added, the Musical After-Piece, of

The PURSE:  
Or, American Tar.

Places for the Boxes, will be let every Day, at the Old Office, in John-Street, from Ten to One, and on the Play Day, from Three to Four in the Afternoon.

Tickets can also be had at the above Office, any Time previous to Monday, 4 o'clock after which Hour, they must be applied for at the Ticket Office in the New Theatre.

Subscribers will be made acquainted with the Mode adopted for their Admission, by Application at the Box Office.

The Offensive Practice to Ladies, and dangerous one to the House, of Smoking Segars during the Performance, it is hoped every Gentleman will consent to an absolute Prohibition of.

Ladies and Gentlemen, will please direct their servants to Set Down, with their Horses Heads towards the New Brick Meeting, and Take Up with their Heads towards Broad-Way.

The future Regulations, respecting the taking of Seats, will be placed in the Box Office, for general Information,

VIVAT REPUBLICA.





## COURT of APOLLO.

### THE 'BACCO BOX.

A CELEBRATED SONG.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in slays,  
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,  
Then JACK, no more on duty call'd,  
His true love's tokens overhaul'd;  
The broken gold, the braided hair,  
The tender motto, writ so fair,  
Upon his 'Bacco Box he views,  
(NANCY the Poet--Love the Muse:)  
"If you loves I, as I loves you,  
"No pair so happy as we two,"

The storm--that, like a shapeless wreck,  
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck;  
That tars for sharks had giv'n a feast,  
And left the ship a hulk--had ceas'd,  
When JACK, as with his messmates dear  
He shar'd their grog, their hearts to cheer,  
Took from his 'Bacco Box a quid,  
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid--  
"If you loves I, as I loves you,  
"No pair so happy as we two,"

The battle--that, with horror grim,  
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,  
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,  
And widow'd many a wife--was o'er,  
When JACK, to his companions dear,  
First paid the tribute of a tear;  
Then, as his 'Bacco Box he held,  
Refr'd him comfort as he spell'd--  
"If you loves I, as I loves you,  
"No pair so happy as we two,"

The voyage--that had been long and hard,  
But that had yielded full reward,  
That brought each sailor to his friend,  
Happy and rich--was at an end,  
When JACK, his toils and danger o'er,  
Beheld his NANCY on the shore;  
He then the 'Bacco Box display'd,  
And cry'd, and seiz'd the willing maid--  
"If you loves I, as I loves you,  
"No pair so happy as we two,"

'Tis fashionable among men,  
To relish nonsense now and THEN,  
Famous achievements of J. G. Esquire.

BEING in pursuit of a deer which took its flight round a hill with surprising speed, and despairing to obtain a fair shot at the animal, he bent his gun between two trees to the proper circumference of the hill, and discharged it in that form; the ball, having gone round the hill three times, overtook the deer and killed him.

Hunting one day, he saw twelve turkeys sitting on the limb of a tree. It being impossible to kill them all at one shot, and he being loth to lose any of them, he fired into the limb, and split it in such a direction, that when the opening closed it caught the feet of every one of the turkeys, and held them fast, while he went up the tree, took them down at his leisure, and carried them all home alive.

JOHN VANDER POOL,

Sign Painter, Gilder, &c.

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Counties-Slip.

HAS for sale, Window glass and Putty, a general assortment of PAINTS, Linseed Oil, Paint Brushes, Limners Tools, Gold and Silver Leaf, with a great variety of Camel's Hair Pencils, Cheap for Cash, or approved notes.  
Aug. 6 23--tf.

## MORALIST.

MIND your business--govern your passions--pay your debts; keep good fences; send home what you borrow, and be willing to lend. Be industrious in getting, and prudent in spending, and you will grow in riches. Be honest and obliging to your family and neighbors, and you will grow in their esteem. Be no blasphemer or fanatic, but soberly religious, and you will grow in the favor of God and be happy here and hereafter.

### MUSEUM ARTIFICIAL FIRE WORKS,

To continue for TWO WEEKS,

ON Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, for two weeks, and the Museum will continue to open the same evenings, (every week) Six subjects of Fire Works, will be shewn on each evening. Six very beautiful new Wax-Ladies, have been lately added to the Museum, one is a good likeness of one of the Actresses on the New-York Stage, another, a likeness of a beautiful young Quakeress--some grand experiments in Electricity will be shewn on each evening. The late many additions to the Museum, has made it very handsome and entertaining. Admittance to the Museum two Shillings, and to the Concert Clock and Automaton Bird Cage two shillings more.  
January 20, 1798.

### S. LOYD,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public that she continues to carry on the STAY and MANTUA MAKING BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which will be her constant endeavors to deserve. 148

### FOR SALE,

PEARL STREET, NO. 93.

At H. Caritat's Circulating Library,

and just received by the Fabius from Havre, FRENCH BOOKS on Metaphysics, Politics, Agriculture, and of elegant and entertaining Literature, with two copies only of a new celebrated work on the Origin of all Religious Worship, in 12 vols 8vo. and a book of Plates, of 4 vols 4to. by Dupuis, of the former Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Letters, who has employed twenty years of his life in writing it. Also, elegant PRINTS, coloured and plain, relative to history and various other objects.

H. CARITAT likewise informs the public, that since his catalogue came out, he has added about 350 English, and 100 French volumes to his Library, a catalogue of which will be found there in writing.

NB. Fifty sets at least of the new Novels which appeared in 1796 and '97, make part of his collections, besides new Plays. A large number of the latest publications are also expected every day. Of those received by the Amsterdam Packet, Annual Register 1796, Zimmerman on National Pride, and Bisset's Sketch against Democracy.

### EDUCATION.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public, that he has opened a DAY and EVENING SCHOOL at no. 6 Hague-street, directly opposite the Friends Meeting-House, in Pearl-street, where he teaches the following branches of Education, viz, the Greek, Latin and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Geography and Navigation. Having devoted many years to the arduous profession of a Teacher, during which time he has prepared a number of young Gentlemen for admission into Columbia College, he takes the liberty of referring such persons, as may wish to be informed with respect to his success in tuition, to the President and Professors of that Seminary.

JAMES HARDIE.

N. B. As Mr. Hardie is determined to devote his whole time to the duties of his profession, such young Gentlemen as may find it inconvenient to attend at the Day or Evening Schools, may be instructed in any of the above branches, at such hours as they may find most convenient.

A young Woman of good connections and character, wishing to learn the Mantua-Making Business, will hear of a place by enquiring at this Office.

### JOHN HARRISON

Has constantly for sale at his Book Store, in Peck Slip, a collection of the latest and most approved

## NOVELS,

AMONG WHICH ARE THE FOLLOWING:

ITALIAN, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents, Trials of the Human Heart, Knights of the Swan, Camilla, or a Picture of Youth, Reces, Voluntary Exile, (a vols) by Mrs Parsons, Robert and Adela, or the Rights of Women maintained by the Sentiments of Nature, Infidelity, or the Victim of Sentiment, Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heiress, House of Tynian, Mytic Cottager of Chamouny, Evelina, or a young lady's entrance into the world. Coquette, or History of Eliza Wharton, by a lady of Massachusetts,

Young Widow, or History of Cornelia Sedley, (a vols) Matilda and Elizabeth, Sutton Abbey, Terentia, by the author of the Platonic Guardian, Belisarius, Barons d'Alanton, Joseph, Coalition, or Family Anecdotes, Almoraz and Hamet, Letters of Charlotte, during her connection with Werter, Love's Pilgrimage, compiled from the journal of a deceased friend,

Zeluco, or various views of Human Nature, Fatal Follicle, Isbinda of Bellefield, Madame de Barnevelt, Simple Story, French Adventurer, Baron Trenck, Nature and Art, Lady Montagu's Letters, Montalbert, by Charlotte Smith, a vols. Memoirs of a Baroness, Juvenile Indiscretions, Mysteries of Udolpho, Romance of the Forest, Carpenter's Daughter, or Sketches on the banks of Windemere.

Ethelinde, or the Recluse of the Lake, Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle, Eliza Powell, or Trials of Sensibility, Royal Captives, a Fragment of Secret History, (a vols) The Foresters, (by Miss Gunning)

Sorrows of Edith, or the Hermitage of the Cliffs, Desmond, (by Charlotte Smith) Haunted Cavern, Count Roderick's Castle, or Gothic Times, Haunted Priory, or the Fortunes of the House of Rayo, History of Captain and Miss Rivers, D'Arcy, by Charlotte Smith, Man of the World, Inquisitor, (by Mrs Rowson) Sydney and Eugenia, Roger de Clarendon, Charles Mandeville, Arundel, Louisa, the Lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor, Fille de Chambre, (by Mrs Rowson) Contrast, Rencontre, or Transition of a Moment, Letters of an Italian Nun, Gabrielle de Vergey, Citizen of the World, Vicar of Wakefield.

Sentimental Journey, Letters of an American Farmer, Roderick Random, Entertaining Novels, Recluse of the Appennines, Life of Samuel Simkins, Esq. Fool of Quality, Julia Benson, Tom Jones, Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded, Sorrows of Werter, Devil on two Sticks, Telemachus, Gustavus Vassa, Tales of Past Times, Gulliver's Travels, Arabian Tales, Man of Feeling, Robinson Crusoe, Philip Quarll, or the English Hermit, Museum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages, Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Cogan,

Winterbotham's History of America, Robertson's history of Scotland, Bruce's Memoirs, Cook's Voyages, Buchanan's history of Scotland, Col. Humphreys' Works, Duncan's Essay on Happiness, Junius's Letters, Condorcet on the Mind, Rambler, Travels thro Europe, Asia, and Africa, Homer's Iliad, Cowper's Task, Dr. Franklin's Life, Volney's Ruins, Knox's Essays, Scott's Lessons, Art of Speaking, Looker-On, Miscellaneous Works, Fabulous History, Akenfield's Pleasures of Imagination, Hive, Looking Glass of the Mind, Washington's Letters, Goldsmith's Roman History, Voltaire's Dictionary, Centaur not Fabulous, Buchan's Family Physician, Jefferson's Notes on the State of Virginia, The American Spectator, or Matrimonial Preceptor, Columbian Orator, for the improvement of Youth, Elements of Morality, by Mrs Wolfenecraft, Carver's Travels thro the interior parts of North America, Goldsmith's Animated Nature, (elegant copy.) Lavater on Physiognomy, (with elegant engravings.) Thomson's Seasons, Young's Night Thoughts, Pleasing Instructor, Select Stories, Childrens Friend, Bonnet's Letters to a Young Lady, Bennet's Strictures,